THE UNTOLD HALF.

By ARTHUR BOLTONWOOD.

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There is no particular excitement when one of the lumbering fruit boats of the Yellow Star line comes into port. There was no particular stir along the water front that biting, foggy morning in December when the Admiral Dart came wheezing up the harbor, swung into her berth at the Yellow Star docks with the aid of a couple of tugs—for the tide was running strongly—shot out her gangplank and disembarked the four passengers she carried.

She also disembarked Bobby Shacklett. But Bobby Shacklett did not come to the wharf by way of the gangplank. While the fussy little donkey engines in the sheds were puffing valiantly and swinging briskly out of the Admiral Dart's hold the many bunches of green bananas Bobby Shacklett, very thin, very pale and very much unwashed, came up from the stoke room, took a long breath of the misty air, shivered a bit—for his clothes were painfully thin and shabby—and then climbed over the rail and dropped unostentatiously to the wharf.

A couple of carriages bearing the steamer's late passengers whisked past him. Three rumbling drays went bumping past, one of the drivers shouting impolitely to Bobby to get to somewhere out of the way.

Bobby grinned. It was not a pleasant grin. He was thinking of his homecoming as he had planned it and as it had actually turned out, and comparisons, which are always odious things, were particularly so in this case.

He thrust his hand into the pocket of his ragged trousers, drew out a few pieces of silver, grinned once more, shivered again and made his way to the street.

A solitary hansom was drawn up to the curb, waiting for a chance fare. Bobby stepped over to it. The cabby surveyed him scowlingly, but Bobby, quite oblivious apparently to the dubious glances cast in his direction, climbed calmly in.

He gave an address on a certain conservative street uptown. The driver stared at him. Bobby smiled.

"Don't blame me, old chap," he said, noting the other's hesitation. "But I want to go there, strange as it may seem and incompatible as it may be with my present appearance. What's the row? Afraid I won't be good for the fare? Here you go."

He passed up the handful of silver through the trap. "Now, then, drive on," he commanded.

The whiplash sang through the air; the shambling horse lurched into a trot; the hansom rocked, and away they went through the dingy, noisy streets.

They drew up finally before an imposing house on the conservative uptown street. Bobby climbed from the hansom, and while the latter turned and went clattering away he shut his teeth grimly and mounted the brownstone steps with a light of determination in his eyes.

In response to his vigorous tug at the bell the door was opened by a statuesque butler, whose dignity stood out obtrusively all over him. He looked at the figure on the stoop and closed the door halfway.

"Well?" he said, and the manner in which he said it plainly bade the visitor begone.

"Is Miss Wadsworth in?" said Bobby quietly.

"H! think not, sir. In fact, H! am very sure she isn't," the butler replied.

A look came into Bobby's gray eyes—a look that had made better men than the butler quail many times before now.

"I rather think you are mistaken," said he. "I'm sure she is home, and, what is more, I am sure she will be glad to receive me. If you don't believe it, just tell her, if you will, that the general manager of the Colona Incoast railway would like a word with her. I'd advise you to do as I say."

The butler hesitated but a second longer. The man on the stoop was looking at him with a most disconcerting determination in his bearing. The butler, unwilling, it is true, opened the door.

"Step in, sir," said he. "H! will see."

A fire crackled cheerfully in a big fireplace at one end of the warm, dark hall. Bobby drew a chair close to it and, sitting down, held out his stiffening fingers to the grateful blaze.

On the wide stairs creaked the butler with as much haste as his ubiquitous dignity allowed. Voices sounded above. There was a little gasp, a cry, a rush of skirts, the patter of light feet as steps hurrying down the stairs.

Bobby arose from his chair just as Miss Wadsworth, more radiant, more beautiful, than ever, came running to him.

"Bobby!" she cried, both her hands held to him. "Bobby, I—I can't believe it is really you and that you are here. I'm glad—oh, so glad I can't express properly!"

Bobby had stiffened. His face was grave.

"Will you please sit down for a moment?" said he. "I shan't keep you long. Not a word of explanation, and even that is not needed," he added with a lugubrious glance at his raiment. "I must apologize for coming here this way, but stoking on a fruit steamer raises the very deuce with one's appearance."

She was about to say something, but he held out his hand.

"Please let me talk first," said he. "I must tell you before you say a word or else I shan't have the courage to. You see, it's all off—railroad gone up, contracts unfulfilled, and the fortune I went down there to stow away in my jeans some one else has walked off with. That's about all, except that I came back in the fruit steamer to tell you that I'm the largest, most inexcusable fizzle extant."

"That is all?" she asked suddenly. "Are you sure that is all? Do you mean to say in those few sentences you have told me everything?"

"All that you should know," said he.

She looked at him steadily, and a sudden light leaped to her eyes.

"You are telling me only half," she said.

He was silent.

"Why don't you tell me the other half?" she demanded.

"It—it wouldn't interest you," he said lamely.

She leaned toward him. "I know the other half without your telling it, you great big, generous boy," said she.

"Eh? What? What is it you know or, rather, think you know?" he asked.

"I know it all—the whole story," she declared. "I know why you are here as you are. I know it was because you shielded my brother when he—when he wasn't straight, when the gambling houses down there had done their worst for him. I know that you—you, dear, loyal Bobby Shacklett—threw everything into the balance—opportunities, contracts, everything, to save him and that now you have come back to me with your lips sealed, claiming that you have failed and offering no excuses for it."

Shacklett reddened. He smiled rather vaguely and looked decidedly embarrassed. Twice he essayed to speak and each time got no further than the initial word. The girl was watching him closely.

"It—it doesn't change things any, even if all you have said is true, and I haven't admitted yet that it is true," he said at last. "I've lost my money, and—you see that"—

"You have gained—gained something else," she whispered.

The butler was telling the pretty second girl about it below stairs.

"'Is h'arm was around her," said he disgustedly. "Think of it! And 'im nothing but a common tramp!"

The Pedigree of the Shirt.

Why does the being we call a "gentleman" wear around his neck a band of spotless whiteness and unbearable stiffness, at his wrists similar instruments of torture and before his chest a rigidly starched linen plate? No one outside of a madhouse would call these articles of apparel agreeable. There is for the custom no reason at all drawn from comfort, hygiene or usefulness. There is, however, the ghost of a dead reason. Once upon a time a "gentleman" was presumed to do no work, and he dressed to show this by putting on these visible signs that he never soiled his hands, sweated his neck or bent his noble back. It matters not that we no longer believe in this definition of a gentleman. We did believe once. Its ghost rules on. No man is bold enough to appear in society without this impossible harness. Only a professional humorist like Mark Twain or some one who wishes to pose as a mild lunatic dares rebel. Addison said that the man who would clothe himself according to common sense would find himself in jail within a week.—Frank Crane in Atlantic.

In the Heat of Battle.

There had been a hotly contested football game between the Steam Rollers of the Benjamin Franklin school and the Avalanches of the George Washington school. It was won by the Avalanches. After the game was over and the contestants had returned to their various homes one of the heroes of the winning team complained of a feeling of soreness in the lower part of his neck.

"I didn't feel it until just now," he said, "but it hurts like sixty!"

His father examined it. It began to swell and was very sore to the touch.

"I believe your collar bone is broken, my boy," said his father.

A surgeon was hastily summoned and made an examination.

"Yes," he said, "the bone is fractured. "How did it happen, Walter? Do you remember anything about it?"

"Why, yes," answered the boy. "I remember that when I tackled Skinny Morgan I fell on top of him, and I heard something crack, but I thought it was his collar bone."

Government by Veto.

A veto, used in connection with public acts, is a euphemism for smother, squelch, kill, etc. Owing to our elaborate system of vetoes our country may well be called the "veto country."

If a member of congress wishes a bill passed, it may be vetoed by the speaker.

If the speaker wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by a committee.

If the committee wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by the house.

If the house wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by the senate.

If the senate wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by the president.

If the president wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by the supreme court.

If the supreme court wishes it passed, it may be ignored and thus vetoed by any executive officer into whose hands it may fall.

If a bill succeeds in getting through all these safely, it is a good bet that it is something the people do not want. —Ellis O. Jones in Life.

NEW YORK JUSTICE IS AT STAND STILL

MANHATTAN'S LOVE FOR THE DOGS—CHIEF CROAKER AND HIS FORCE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—With Justice bound hand and foot by the law's delays and the overwhelming congestion of the courts of this metropolis, sweeping measures for relief are today being undertaken in behalf of the multitude of victims of a stagnant bar. Following the preliminary report of the legislative investigation committee on some of the court conditions into which they have had time to probe, a general movement will be organized and led by members of the bar to demand adequate means for timely trial in this town, where one judge sits on the bench to hundreds of the accused who must await his leisure behind the bars. To those who are in touch with Manhattan's broken-down vehicles of justice it has been an open secret for a long time that innocent and guilty alike are condemned to a year or more of preliminary imprisonement for nothing more than lack of trial facilities. For the benefit of the gentlemen who make their living on the bench or at the bar, no general proclamation of this disgraceful state of things has ever been made and seemly silence has been preserved. To-day, however, the outrage of the human pen that holds an army of applicants for justice outside the courts is to be cried aloud from one end of the island to the other. More courts and more consideration will work wonders in this condition that rivals those in Russia.

That no modern fad has supplanted the love of a good dog in the hearts of the people of oGtham is shown to-day as Madison Square Garden is being cleared of the yelping pack of canine exhibits which thousands of New Yorkers have constantly surrounded during this week. Never in the history of this town has more interest been shown in these blue bloods of the annual bench than is being reported by the fanciers exhibitors and judges of the three thousand dogs assembled. Record prices were paid for hundreds of the smart prize winners and it is estimated that at least a thousand blooded dogs changed hands in the eager competition for winning show animals. No more striking example of true democracy has ever been seen in this city than the motley crowd that pressed about the kennels. Luxurious society ladies elbowed coachmen and Bowery boys in the general rush to congratulate and talk over the prize winners. No other attraction can draw the whole people here as surely as the dog.

STEAMLESS STREAMS.

Shooting through the streets of the down-town district at thirty miles an hour, the huge new auto truck of the fire department has to-day taken up the modern method of fighting flames with high water pressure. The sight of this giant racer bearing its mountain of heavy hose and nothing else to blazing skyscrapers is a novelty that is startling all New York. Without steam, coals, boiler or engine this crew of firemen have revolutionized everyone's idea of a fight with flames. To see them arm themselves with their huge hose, that writhes and shoots a shaft of water skyward from an unseen impetus, is one of Gotham's wonders to-day. The force of the flood gates which lie at hand in the new high pressure mains taxes the strength of a dozen stalwart fireladdies to hold one hose, and Chief Croker has already demanded bigger men to cope with his new service. The days of the clanging fire engine in this town are beginning to be numbered.

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the assessment made for the construction of a sewer on Irving avenue from manhole at the crossing of Irving avenue and 11th street to a point 150 feet east of the east line of 11th street, as per assessment roll number 187, was made by an order of the common council of the city of Astoria, due and payable on the 15th day of February, A .D. 1909, by ordinance number 3730, confirming said assessment roll. That the following are the names of the persons against whom the assessment is made, and the amount owing by each to-wit:

Basel, Rudolph	$ 58.90
Douglas Land & Trust Co.	58.89
Fulton, G. C.	58.89
Hamilton, John F.	117.79
Montgomery, Emma T.	58.89
Short, Emily C.	58.89

By order of the common council.
OLOF ANDERSON,
Auditor and Police Judge of the City of Astoria.
Dated February 7, 1909.

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